



MONTE HALE WESTERN . Executive Editor . Editor . Art Editor . Art Editor . Art Editor . Art Editor AL JETTER



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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines W. H. Jaweett B. President contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



Monday HIT AND RUN RAIDERS

mmm WHE DESPERADORS GURED THEY HAD A DOUBLING THEIR HI -GOTTEN LOOY ! BUT WHEN THEY STOPPED AT NOTHING , INCLUDING THE TRAMPLING DOWN OF CHILDREN, IT WAS HIGH TIME FO MONTE HALE TROUBLE-SHOOTING TROUBADOR OF THE RANGE, TO SWING INTO

ACTION AGAINST THE HIT AND RUN RAIDERS

AS MONTE RIDES INTO THE PRONTIER NING TOWN F CULVES GULCH, A RENEGADES EVES NARROW AND AG HE WHIS PERS TO UIS

EADER ---

DE-LAD EBEIII ! BOSS! WE'LL HAVE TO BANK OF THE MINE PAY ROLL! THAT JASPER PRING PAST US IS

BUZZARD BRINKLEY WE'RE GOING TO ROS HAT BANK OF THE MINE MONTE HALE, THE PAYROLL AND MONTE FASTEST GUN-SLINGER THAT EVER STOOD FOR COING LAW AND ORDER / TO HELP HE'D CRIMP us 4

HALE HELP YOU LOCO HALE. HAM!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! I'VE GOT A WAY FIGURED OUT FOR US TO POUBLE OUR LOOT EROM THE BANK HOW - 17 AIMING CINCH! T TO DO BOSS

MONTE HALL WISTERN, July, 1900, Val. 9, No. 50, in published monthly by Favoratt Publications, Inc., Favoratt Place, Cremorich, Com., Enteré de second claims names hior. 28, 1994, or the post delice, Cremorich, Com., under the set of March 3, 1997. Additional start at Leavenille, No. Consystem of Pavorate Publications, Com., 1997. Additional and the State of Construction of State of Stat



















































DOG SMITH

SAID YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE



NURSE! I'VE





I'LL SEND YOU

PONY EXPRILSS



















COME ON, PARDÉ WE'RE BACKTRAIL-ING THAT BRONG AND HITTING THE BUSHWA CKER'S TRAILE THERE BUSHWA CKER'S TRAILE THE MISSING MAIL POUCH FROM DOC PURDY AND TAY PLUMB ANXIOUS TO SEE IT!



BYES OF MONITE HALLE PIPCK UP THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL GET RAMBLING, BOY'S THER TITM HEADS TOWARD THOMAD T

AS THE SHARP, TRACK-WISE



THE BYTH MARKETIAN

ROWS AND STREET

A Bit SEPTISM













THEN YOU WERE THE







MONTE HALE WESTERN











































MONTE HALE WESTERN







THESE SUSPENDERS COME IN MIGHTY
HANDY TO HELP HOLD UP YOUR
SIN-GUIST. THERE'S A ROY
ROGERS SHERIP RAIDE AND
A STEER'S HEAD KLIPTIP ON EACH STRAP."

THE ONLY GENUINE ROY ROGERS
BELTS, WALLETS & SUSPENDERS
ARE MADE BY

HI(KOB/5



ding herd on a thousand jittery long horn steers was bad enough! But MONTE HALE really gets into a mess of trouble when he has to escort a tenderfoot cowbou singer through the most dangerous pass in the Rockies! Ride with Monte now, as he saddles up for one of his strangest adventures!

YOU SAY THAT MONTE STRANG HALE IS DUE HERE SOON, MISTER? DON'T KNOW CAN'T BELIEVE MONTE HALE! LOOK!THERE HE COULD TAKE A HERD THROUGH HE IS NOW ... WITH



STORM GAVE NICE GOING. MONTE! THIS ME A LITTLE TECUBLE -GENT'S REEN BUT HERE'S WAITING TO YOUR HERD. SEE YOU! SAYS AS PROMISED

HIS NAME'S

A.S. TUTTLE MANAGER GLAD TO KNOW OF THE YOU, MISTER GOLDEN TUTTLE! I'VE SEE WEST VAUDEVILLE

YOUR SHOW-AND LIKED IT! WHAT COMPANY CAN I DO FOR





THIS LOS IS HONEST HIMMY SINCE MY ALL RIGHT! VIN BOTA MORK WITH THE VALUABLE CARRO THAT CIRCLE-X IS TROUGH WEST COAST! I WANT COUTD TAKE IT THERE ALL YOU'RE WORT! WEST COAST! WANT WILL YOU'RE WORT! WILL YOU'RE WORT!



BUT YOU'RE JUD WARBLE, THE FAMOUS COWBOY SINGER! I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I THAT

SINGER! I PON'T UNPERSTAND! I THOUGHT TUTTLE WANTED ME TO TAKE A CARGO OUT I'M THE I TO THE COAST! CARGO!



YOU SEE, MONTE, THE GOLDEN WEST VAUDEVILLE COMPANY IS SCHEDULED TO APPEAR ON THE COAST, JID WAS DETAINED AND HE HAS TO JOIN THEM!

AND HE HAS TO JOIN THEM!
BUT HE'S NEVER
BEEN WEST BEFORE! I SEE
HE'S JUST A AND YOU
DUDE DRESSED WANT ME TO
UP IN GO ALONG TO
COWBOY MAKE SURE THAT





EMBANWHILE, PLATTENED AGAINST THE

A RISK! THAT AIN'T THE HALF OF IT, HALE! WAIT TILL I GET WORD OF THIS TO CLINT KILLGREW! IF WE KIPNAP THAT WARBLE, WE CAN MAKE A MINT OF RANSOM MONEY!









SO IT IS THAT DAYS LATER ...

MONTE, MY EYES MUST BE GOING BACK ON ME! I THINK I SEE ICE UP AHEAD!

IT'S EASY TO SEE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN WEST BEFORE JUD! THERE'S SNOW AND ICE ALL YEAR ROUND ON PARTS OF THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE! WE'RE UP PRETTY

HIGH, YOU KNOW!

IN FACT, WE'RE BEGINNING TO MOVE INTO THE TACOMAS PASS SECTION! I JUST HOPE THAT CLINT KILLGREW AND HIS RANNIES DON'T SPOT US-OR WE'RE DUE FOR TROUBLE!





A MILE AHEAD! IT'S WARRLE, ALL PIGHT! GOOD WORK

WHAT DID I WEASEL! TELL YOU CLINT! YOU BECUCH WE'LL GRAB THE THE NEWS SINGER AND HOLD JUST IN HIM FOR RANSON, EH? HE OBSHT TO BE WORTH A HEAP OF MONEY! TIME!

A STALE TAMALE UNTIL WE'VE GOTTEN RID OF HIS SOPYGUARD-MONTE HALE! BAT POISON!



I'M LEAVING IT ON THE A ... TRAIL -AND WAITING BEHIND SOME ROCKS! YOU DOING WHEN HALE'S HORSE WITH STEPS IN IT, I'LL PULL ARIAT BOGS?

HARD HE'LL HIT THIS ICY SLOPE AND START TO SLIDE! THERE'LL JAE NO WAY FOR HIM TO STO UNTIL HE REACHES THE CLIFF - AND THAT'S A THOUSAND-FOOT DROP





















KILGREW AND HIS VARMINTS HEADED FOR THE TALL TIMBER WHEN WE'VE TO, BOTH THEY SAW ME COMING, GOT THITLE! BUT THEY TO MOST TO FIRE JUP HAS GET ME CUT OF THE JUP HAS WAY AGAIN TO THE COAST WANT TO KEEP ON THE COAST













I KNEW IT! THOSE BIGHORNS HAVE THE SHARPEST EYES IN THE WEST! WHEN HE GOT PANICKY THAT MEANT THERE WERE MEN WITH FIREARMS AROUND





MUST BE! THEY'VE GOT US TRAPPED IN THIS LITTLE HOLLOW! AND I RECKON THEY AM TO KEEP US HERE UNTIL WE GIVE UP!

IT'S OUR FAULT. I HOLD ON! MAYBE MONTE! WE GOT YOU INTO THERE IS THIS! I-T WISH

SOMETHING THERE WAS JUP! I'VE GOT A PLAN - BUT TO WORK IT OUT, I'LL NEED

HERE! TAKE MY STETSON THE WORD

AND SHIRT! PUT THEM ON AND START SHOOTING UP AT THE OUTLANS! MONTE! LET THEM CATCH GLIMPSES OF YOU! NOT ENOUGH TO WING YOU, BUT ENOUGH SO THEY THINK THAT I'M STILL HERE .





KEEP SHOOTING UNTIL WE



THERE'S HALE DOWN THERE. HIS HAT

RIDDLE HIM! WHEN HE'S STILL SHOOTING! OUT OF THE WAY, JUD I JUST SPOTTED WARBLE'LL BE EASY PICKING I CAN JUST FEEL THOSE AGAIN RANSOM GREENBACKS IN MY PAW RIGHT NOW!









ANY MORE BACKTALK? NO? ALL BUSHT KICK YOUR GUNS OVER TO ME -AND GET UP ON YOUR FEET! I DIDN'T WOUND ANY OF YOU SERIOUSLY! WE'RE MAKING A LITTLE TRIP ... AND YOU'RE GOING ALONG!



AVE LATER AND I WANTED MONTE WE SURE TO THANK AVE TO THANK YOU YOU FOR FOR GETTING US THAT TASTE TO CALIFORNIA ON OF PEAL TIME! AND I RECKON ACTION THE LAW MUST BE MONTE GRATEFUL FOR YOUR FROM NOW PUTTING THE KILLGREA ON T WON'T BOYS BEHIND FEEL LIKE

BARS. MUCH N THEGE WEGTERN

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT MONTE . WITHOUT YOUR HELP JUD!

TUTTLE AND 1 HEARD YOU SINGING ONE NIGHT YOU'VE GOT A GREAT VOICE

LISTEN

THANKS BOYS WE'D LIKE ABOUT BUT I JUST YOU TO COULDN'T DO THAT! MY JOIN OUR MONTE? TROUPE!

YOU'LL HOME IS HERE BE A HIT ON THE OVERNIANT! PANGE, AND I COLL DU'T LIVE ANY-WHERE ELSE







Throughout the West, POTHOLE CANYON was known as an impregnable outlaw for treatment by Competer and his cream of the Competer of the Competer

SEEP IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES IS A FRONTIER TRADING POST...



ONE PAY, A WELCOME VISITOR THE POST...

ALL BE HOG-TIED) I HEARD YOU'D
IT'S MONTE BEEN HAVING SOME
HALE! WHAT TROUBLE WITH GOTLING
PINIS WAY
MONTE?
BY, CLAY!

BY, CLAY!



MONTS, THE HOMBRE
WHO'S BEEN GIVING ME ALL
THE TROUBLE IS GOPHER
GRAHAM! HE'S BEEN RAIDING
MY SUPPLY TRAINS AND THEN
HIDNG OUT IN NEARSY POTHOLE
CANYON! IF THIS KEETS TO
GIVE THE NIPLANS IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR PURS!





HAVEN'T YOU BEEN ABLE TO GUARD
SURE! MY HELPER, AGAINST
JOHNNY TWO FEATHERS
HERE, AND I HAVE
BUILT A STROKA STOCK
ADE, AROUND THE
TRAINING POST!



















JOHNNY, YOU'D BETTER GO FOR A DOCTOR! I'LL STAY ON I'LL BE HER WITH HAM ALL RIGHT! LEAVE ME ACCHTE GETTER HER YOUR CHANCE TO CATCH HIM!





MONTE HALE CAUTIOUSLY DE-

SECRETURAL MANUEL PROCESSION OF THE PROCESSION OF THE CLEAN THE CL

IT SURE IS TWISTY
AND WINDING -JUST LIKE
ALL THE GOPHER'S HOLES!



THERE'S DAYLIGHT UP AHEAD! RECKON THAT MUST BE THE OPENING TO THE OUTSIDE!















THEY'VE GOT THE FIRE OUT, I RECKON! BUT WHAT'S THIS? SMCKE STARTING TO SEEP OUT NEAR THAT WATER FALL! THEER MUST SE A SECRET BUTSMACE







UT AT THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL ... CODUCE ! VOIVEE BIGHT

THOUGHT EARS/SOMEBODY HEAPO MUST HAVE HIT A NOISE HOON THE ENTRANCE AND IS COMING THROUGH! I HOPE

UNNEL / IT'S HALE ... ME A CHANCE TO USE MY SCORPION SHOWER FOR THE FIRST TIME!

... SECAUSE IT'LL GIVE

NOW! HE'S COMING UNDER THE PAIL! I'LL JUST PULL THIS ROPE THEN GET OUT OF THE WAY AND WATCH THE FUN FROM A SAFE DISTANCE







MONTE'S COLTS WHIP OUT, AND, IN MID-AIR... IVE GOT TO SHOOT BETTER THAN I'VE EVER SHOT BEFORE! BANG! BANG!















HE PEEL GOOD! AND HE GOING TO FEEL EVEN BETTER WHEN HE FIND OUT YOU ROUND UP GOPHER AND GANG IN POTHOLE CANYON:

FINE! AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'LL BE HAPPIER STILL WHEN I TELL HIM THAT WITH A LITTLE DIGGING AND BLASTING, WE'LL BE ABLE TO WIDEN THE GOPHER'S TUNNELS SO THEY'LL MAKE A REGULAR ROAD THROUGH THE

MOUNTAIN RANGE! THEN HIS PACK TRAINS CAN TRAVEL IN COMFORT AS WELL AS IN SAFETY















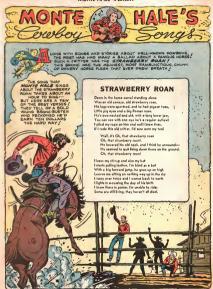




FRANK N. FLEER CORP

WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT





REDSWIFT Outfoots the Champ!











LOOK FOR THE RED BALL

TRADE

BALL-BAND

HEY, FELLAS

BALL-BAND JETS

BALL-BAND JETS

WITH

DURN-KOOL UPPERS

NEW! "SEADHE" AS YOU WALK...

EW! TO WASH CLEAN-JU



farm wagon standing by the side of the Slocum Trail. Between the wagon tongues, an old brown mule was peacefully grazing at the side of the trail, and it seemed as if there were no human around. But then Grav Hawk's keen eyes detected the huddled form that lay

across the wagon seat, "A man!" he said excitedly. "He has been hurt! Quickly, Running Deer! Let us see If

we can help him!"

Kneeing their pinto horses forward, the two boys loped toward the wagon! But, reining up by its side, they saw at once that there was little they could do. The driver of the wagon, a homespun-clad white man, lay sprawled and rigid-a gunshet wound in his chest. At his side was a rifle . . . untouched! The Otapi youths dismounted and stood by the wagon. "The white man is . . . dead," said

Running Deer, "Yes," said Gray Hawk. His slender bronzed finger indicated powder burns on the old man's coat. "He was shot from up close-before he

could draw his rifle to protect himself!" The Indian boy shook his head seriously.
"I know this man," he said slowly. "His name
is Bart McClane. He had ranch—over the mountain. Running Deer, we must hurry to tell soldiers about this-to get help!"

At this moment a stern voice broke in. "All right, you two! Get your hands high! Pronto!" Whirling, the Otapi youths saw a U. S. Army sergeant and two troopers behind them. Their guns were leveled, and so quietly had they approached that their footsteps on the prairie grass had not been heard. The sergeant was a man that Gray Hawk had met many times before

Deer and I were riding along. We saw Bert

"Sergeant Grayson!" the Indian boy exclaimed. "We sre glad you are here. Running

McClane here . . . shot and killed. We were going to ride to Fort Slocum to get belp!" The white man looked at them, his broad face expressionless, "Mebbe so, Grev Hawk," he returned. "I know your father, the chief, and I don't like to think that his son is mixed up in anything like this." Then he raised the gun slightly. "But we got word in the Fort today that you two boys were lurking in the forest, evidently waiting for McClane to come along, Then, when we ride up to take a look, we find you with his dead body! It looks bad . . Gray Hawk shook his head, bewildered, "But ... but we just rode along. Isn't that so, Run-ning Deer?"

The other youth nodded vigorously. "Yes! We knew nothing of McClane until we saw him. Who says that we were waiting in the

forest??"

"It was Joe Pease, McClane's ex-partner," the sergeant explained, "He says that McClane had been to town to sell his cattle herd, and that he was coming back with a mess of greenbacks." He graned his neck and looked into the wagon, and quickly his hands explored McClane's pockets. "Come to think of it, there's not a sign of that money about!"

Grayson's lips pressed together tightly. "I'm sorry, Gray Hawk, but you and Running Deer are going to have to come with me," he said. We're going to have to keep you locked up. until we find out what this is all about. Let's ride . . .

OURS later, Gray Hawk and Running Deer crouched in a narrow cell at Fort Slocum, the nearby army post, As they talked softly. Grav Hawk's keen eyes explored every detail of the cell. "Running Deer," he said, "I do not believe

they can prove that we had anything to do with McClane's death! We were not carrying guns. and we did not have the money he received for the herd! It is only that this man los Pease said he saw us waiting in ambush for McClane and the soldiers found us by the man's body." "That is true," agreed Running Deer. "Than we will just wait here . . . until they see they

have no proof . . ."
"No!" Gray Hawk shook his head urgently. "We cannot do that-fer two reasons! First, the real killer will have time to escape safely. Second, when our fathers hear that we are prisoners of the white man, they will come down to the fort with braves to free us! There may be a bettle with much bloodshed! We have to find the real killer before that can

happen." But how?" his friend whispered in the derkness. "How would it be possible to escape from here?" Grey Hawk stepped swiftly toward the bar-

red window. "These bars," he said quietly, "were meant to hold a grown man. But I am slender, and young. There is a chance."
Lifting himself to the bers with tensed muscles, the son of tha chief poised there a moment. As he began to force his way through, Running Deer heard a muffled gasp. "It is tight to were tight."

To the other boy, watching from below, it seemed as if it were impossible for Gray Hawle to equeue through the bars. But pressing bars general the tought for bars, contracting his means to cought for bars, contracting his means to cought managed to threat through. Gradually his sidn was being cruelly torn and lacerated But at last, with a final effort, he lunged past the worst of it!

In a moment, he was crouching on the ground outside the wall of the fort, half-hidden in the deep night shadow. Off in the distance were the faint lights of the settlement.

For a moment, Gray Hawk was undecided. Which way to turn? Where could be find proof that he and Running Deer had nothing to do with the murder of the old rancher? I have been a support of the right had been and two of them lingered. One was the memory of the right that had lain untouched by the dead man's side. and the other was the fact memory of the right had been the right had been the right had been a support of the right had been a suppo

Hild an hour later. Gray Hawk sligged through the declarest and came to rest squares the rough board side of Joe Pease's shack on the journalist's of town. Plattening himself against the wood, he found a crack between rough-leven plants. He peared through. There, in the yallow glow of a hereason lanters was whom he had seen a few times about town. Peals was bent over, tying up a pack, filling it with his simple belongings. Evidently, he

was getting ready to travel!
Seddenly Gray Hawk caught his breath!
For there on a barrel top, he saw a canvas satchel. Half-opened, it was filed with grean bills —dillars that Joe Pease could only have gotten in one way! So this was the man who had slain Bart McClane, for the money he had gotten

from the sale of his herd!

Je his sectionent and dasire to see more,

Gray Hawk reised himself on tip-toes and lost
his salencal rumbling backway, he fell upon
a piled-up lead of firewood! Loudly, the logs
fell) to the ground, rettling against each other.

Twisting about in an effort to ragain his fest,

Gray Hawk heard the outpuling footstape of
love bin. In a meaning, the dig man stood
of the control of t

"So you got out of the cell!" he grunted angrily. "And you figured to come snooping. he? I reckon you saw tha money in there and that I was fixing to skip town! Which means . .." and he leveled the gun at Gray Hawk, "... that you know too much!"

Hawk, "... that you know too much!"
Desperately, Gray Hawk lunged at Pess'e
kness, eaught them in a jarring tackle that
Jarrin

Eyes glinting in triumph, Joe Pease aimed the rifle!

"That'll be all, Peasel" a hard voice came out of the night. It was Sergeant Grayson stepping forward, Colt leveled. "Drop that gun! Good! Grab it, Jeff!" A trooper dated forward and retrieved the rifle from the

With a strong hand on Gray Hawk's arm, Grayson lifted the Indian boy to his feet. "Thanks for what you did tonight, eon," he said. "I was wetching your cell and saw you escape. But instead of stopping you there, I figured to wait and see what you were up to. We followed you here... and beard and saw what happened. Rackon Pease is the man we're after... and the money inside!" grows it. ""

Then he pansed, brow crinkled with curiosity.

"What I don't get, Gray Hawk, is why you figured he was the one that ambushed old McClane for the money! How'd you guess?"

GRAY Hawk shrugged his sworthy shouldars. "I want't sure," he said," but he was the one who said Running Deer and I were in the forest, waiting. He spole with a fortset tongue! And than I remembered that McClans had a riffe by the side which he never touched although he was shot from close up. The man who did it had to be one he knew and trusted! And who would that be but the man who was one his marries.

THE END

Rand the thrilling adventures of courageous GRAY HAWK in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN!



THE JUDGE PASSED

















THAT WAS
THAT MADE
THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT MADE

HAD SHELTERED

WE NOTT ARRIVE IN A COTTY
WEST FRONTINE TOWN

1.4ME HOMBRIS DIPPLY FIGURE
1.4ME HOMBRIS DIPPLY FIGURE
WAS DAY THER
IN HIS WORTH & CLD
HIS BEYENEN PRODUCT
MILEY STROTLY
ONE TO PIND POR
BY
STWEN PRODUCT
HOMBRIS DIPPLY
HOMBRIS
LOCAL
HOMBRIS
LO

THIS IS NO CONSIDERATION OF THE CONSIDERATION OF TH

























WISH YOU'D LOOKED

TANGLED WITH FARE





FARO'S TOO SLICK TO

RISK A RUN-IN WITH

THE LAW UNLESS HE









I WISH

TAKE MIL

ALONG!



























































THAT NGHT, AT THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT INDAM AGENT ... I KNEW THERE WAS A LEGEND ABOUT A BAND OF AZTECS WHO FLED NORTH CENTURES AGO, AM AZTEC RESER-

NORTH CENTRUIS AGO, AN ATTE FEER INT RADBUT MENDER TO THE PROPERTY OF THE PROP



ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE





















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